



A Tale of Love and Letting Go

Once upon a time, in a small village, there was a loving mother with a little boy, who was seven years old. This boy was so charming and delightful that everyone who saw him couldn't help but adore him. His mother, of course, loved him more than anything else in the world. Tragically, the boy fell ill and, despite all hopes and prayers, he passed away, leaving his mother in deep sorrow.

She was heartbroken and wept day and night, unable to find solace in anything. After the boy was laid to rest, something extraordinary happened. At night, in the very places where he used to play and laugh, his spirit appeared. If his mother cried, he would cry too. But when the morning light touched the earth, he would vanish.

One night, as his mother wept, the boy appeared at the foot of her bed. He was dressed in the little white shroud from his coffin, with a wreath of flowers around his head. He looked at his mother and said softly, "Oh, mother, please stop crying. My shroud won't dry because of your tears, and I cannot sleep peacefully in my coffin."

The mother, filled with both fear and love, realized her tears were keeping her beloved son from resting. From that night, she tried not to cry, finding strength she didn't know she had. The next night, the boy appeared again, this time holding a tiny light. He smiled gently and said, "Look, mother, my shroud is almost dry, and soon I will rest peacefully in my grave."

This gave the mother the courage to let go of her grief, entrusting it to the care of the heavens. She learned to carry her sorrow with quiet strength, and the little boy didn't visit her again. He finally found peace in his little bed beneath the soft earth, and the mother, though she always held him in her heart, found peace in her love for him.